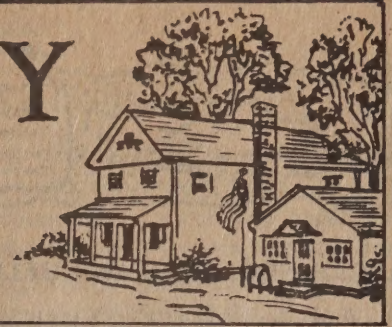


MONTEREY NEWS

SEPTEMBER 1983



I LOVE MONTEREY DAY

Monterey outdid itself this year at I Love Monterey Day, 1983. The Parade Band, as always, set a precedent for extempore extravaganza, and this year the procession was led by the poignant chant and drone of a bagpipe. The events of the day similarly enacted life's buoyancy and fragility, from the serious plea of People for Peace to the absurdity of the zucchini sculpture contest. The 500 or so people who attended the day were treated to puppet shows and street theater, music and dance, Monterey-grown produce and wild foods, video movies and slide shows, American Indian lore, and a sampling of local crafts. By mid-afternoon the Gould Farm Snack Bar had run out of food, weary exhibitors were starting to pack up, and an antic wind blew the CET Energy Display Board flat on its face. Dougie Brown rode his bicycle aimlessly around and around the park with half a Hubbard squash on his head. Automobiles continued to arrive and discharge large families who expressed outrage at having missed the Monterey Experience. Latecomers were sent up to the firehouse for the last showing of *Monterey Lights the Way*, probably a fitting wrapup to the day.

That evening the Royal Garden Jazz Band regaled listeners with a variety of tunes and individual performances. At intervals the audience was inspired to get up and dance, and, at the end, to follow lead singer Natalie Lamb out into the darkness in a final march. Sunday's ecumenical service was described by one participant as "windy and fun," and the evening Konkadance was exhilarating. Who could ask for more?

Announcement: The wind blew away the phone numbers of Matt Holzer and the Jacoby children, any of whom may make arrangements to pick up his honorable mention awards for the Zuke Sculpture Contest by calling 528-1988.



*The Travelling Lion Theater Show at Monterey Day.
More scenes from Monterey Day, pages 2, 4, 8 and 9.*

RAWSON BROOK BRIDGE PLAN RECONSIDERED

A newly formed organization, The North Road Association, of residents living about the New Marlborough Road area, has been attending Monterey Selectmen meetings in an attempt to find another solution for the repair of the bridge crossing Rawson's Brook. Although it was voted at Town Meeting to accept the offer of the state to replace the bridge with a concrete box culvert, the residents of the area are seeking a design which would preserve much of the interesting and historic quality of the old bridge.

With the consent of the Selectmen, the North Road Association has hired an engineering firm to examine the bridge and come up with a plan that could result in a more serviceable bridge, without eliminating the old stone buttresses. The objective is to find a design that can be rated for modern traffic needs, and that might also gain the approval of the state. During a recent study a loaded cement truck—forty tons plus—crossed the bridge as it currently stands without a quiver. The temporary town repairs, therefore, seem adequate until a more permanent solution is devised.

BOARD OF APPEALS GRANTS VARIANCE TO TOWN GARAGE

On August 13 the Monterey Board of Appeals voted unanimously to grant a special permit to the new Town Garage. Governmental use of a building in what has been designated as Agricultural-Residential is ordinarily a non-conforming use. The Board's only stipulations were that the water supply to the garage be made drinkable and that the septic tank for the building be relocated away from heavy traffic.

At the same meeting the Board granted a special permit to Cosimo Spagnoletti to add a screened porch to his house on the corner of Chestnut Hill Road and Cronk Road. Spagnoletti was also given permission to construct a garage 22 feet from the southern sideline of his property.

***I Love Monterey Day T-Shirts
Special Sale at reduced prices.
Roadside Store.
Adults \$4, Children \$3.***



LOVING: HINDRANCES AND HELPS

Some time ago I was talking with a person who wondered why people have so much difficulty in loving and being loved. She felt herself perfectly capable of giving and receiving love, and yet she described her life as though she were completely failing in the art of loving. Her dilemma is shared by a large part of the population. Person after person knows that life would be greatly fulfilled if only their lives were carried out in the context of loving, caring relationships. Yet, like the will-o'-the-wisp, this quality continues to elude the grasp. This is a source of much human frustration and disappointment.

How can it be that something which is so universally desired should turn out to be so fractured in its achievement? Is it not because loving and being loved turns out to be a much more highly developed quality than we have supposed it to be? Is it not really the ultimate quality that distinguishes the most highly developed humans we know anything about? On the scale of human values it must be considered right at the top. Could it be that we are like the boy who watched a tightrope walker do his act with the greatest of ease? It looked so easy. He was sure he would be able to do it with just a few tries. Yet upon trying it he found that he had vastly underestimated the amount of discipline required to develop the intricate balance necessary.

Genuine loving and caring, then, is not something that comes to us as easily as eating and digesting our food. It is at the apex of human development. When we long to love and be loved, we are longing for one of the most highly developed of all human qualities. If we recognize this and know this is the nature of what we seek, it should help us better position ourselves for its achievement.

If love is such a highly developed quality, why is the longing for it so nearly universally present among people? Might we not expect that the longing for it would be found in only the more "highly developed" persons? The desire for love is powerfully present in the more primitive peoples as well as in the so-called developed peoples of the earth. The search for love is as universal as any other of the human longings we know.

Here is our dilemma. Loving is the ultimate human achievement. Yet the search for it is universal. Isn't that cruel—maybe even heartless—that so much human energy will be spent in a frustrating search that leaves us disappointed and seemingly empty-handed? Why did not God save this longing for love to appear in humans just at the point in which they were becoming highly developed enough to have some real hope of achieving it?

Let us fantasize a more ideal world. Suppose that this powerful inner drive to seek loving relationships should be reserved for people who have evidenced their ability to tackle and master this last major human development? Think of the agony, the suffering, the frustration, the heartache that people would be spared if they were not tormented by reaching for

something so exasperatingly hard to obtain. Wouldn't a more kindly Creator have found some way to excuse us from this awful demand. Some people are so troubled by questions of this sort that they refuse to believe there could have been a Creator with any sort of design. They believe life can be only chance or accident. No intelligent or caring God, they say, could have intended such a design.

In this article I have no intention of trying to solve this dilemma. First, because this is not a dilemma I can solve. This remains one of the deep mysteries locked up in our beings. It is a paradox that threatens to defeat us; yet it contains within it also the intimations of an ever-enlarging consciousness and ever-deepening capacities.

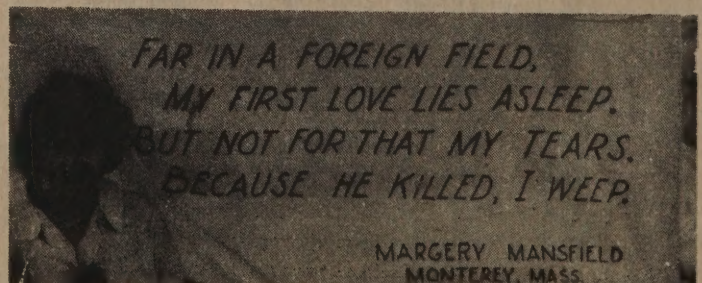
The question is asked, what is the responsibility of the larger community in filling in this deep-seated longing for more fruitful ways of expression? So this begins to state another aspect of the paradox. In loving and caring all of us are responsible for each other. Yet it is also just as true, in loving and caring, no one can act for me but myself. It finally boils down to this. You and I are going to be engaged with this issue for the rest of our days here on earth. Sometimes we will feel we have made advances; sometimes we will be certain we have lost ground. But knowing that the longing will never really go away, am I willing to keep on learning about myself and life, because this issue will not leave me alone?

— Virgil V. Brallier, Minister
Monterey United Church of Christ.

SCRIPTURE

*For in Time
a cricket's marks in Air
Could fill a Bible
if those with ears could Hear*

— Steve Maye



*FAR IN A FOREIGN FIELD,
MY FIRST LOVE LIES ASLEEP.
BUT NOT FOR THAT MY TEARS,
BECAUSE HE KILLED, I WEEP.*

MARGERY MANSFIELD
MONTEREY, MASS.

Margery Mansfield for People for Peace.

OUR CHURCHES



CATHOLIC CHURCHES

Masses Schedule

Our Lady of the Valley, Sheffield

Saturday, 5:30 p.m.

Sunday, 7:30 and 10:30 a.m.

Immaculate Conception, Mill River

Sunday, 10:00 a.m.

UNITED CHURCH OF CHRIST

Worship and Regular Meetings

Morning worship each Sunday at 10:30 a.m. with childcare at same time in the Social Room. Choir rehearsal, Tuesdays, 7:00 p.m., at the Church. Meditation and prayer, 7:30 a.m., in the Social Room. All are invited. Prayer group, Thursdays, 7:45 p.m., at the home of Lucy Smith.

CHURCH DINNER PLANNED

Thursday, September 8, at 6:30 p.m. has been set aside for a special dinner for all persons related to the church. The program that has been planned is to have the Rev. David Ray from Warwick present his findings on his study of the small-membership church—and discuss with him our own experiences. Because he is on vacation right now this arrangement has not been confirmed as this goes to press. Several alternative programs have been planned if this should not be possible.

PEACE GATHERING BRINGS TOGETHER ENTHUSIASTIC GROUP

On July 31, in Bidwell Park from 3 to 7 p.m., an unusual event was held in Monterey. It was an occasion called a Peace Gathering. It was planned to accommodate persons of all ages, and indeed we did have children from two or three years up to persons in their '80s. The chairperson of the committee that planned the event was Megan Wilson. Over the course of several months planning, a dozen or more persons served on the committee.

The principal thrust of the event was to develop in all ages a positive attitude toward peace building. Little was said about the large international problems in peace making, but much was done to help each person visualize ways of working toward a more peaceful world beginning in our communities, and in our families. The leader of the event was Sarah Pirtle,

who has led other community events of this type. In total, nearly 80 persons attended.

CROSS DEDICATED ON AUGUST 28

The Monterey Church in the context of celebrating Holy Communion also celebrated a very special event on Sunday, August 28. It was the culmination of a project begun more than a year ago when Martha Lutz Page expressed the desire to present a large hanging cross for the front of the sanctuary. The artist who was commissioned to make the cross was Tilo Kaufman of Stockbridge. Mr. Kaufman was the person who did the principal work on the church in the church's bi-centennial restoration program, in 1976.

The cross Mr. Kaufman designed is a variation of what is commonly known as the Celtic cross. Instead of the single circle, wide band of the usual Celtic cross around the crossbeams, Mr. Kaufman made two thin circles which met each other at the bottom but separated on the upper part of the cross.

Dr. Virgil Brallier explained in the dedication ceremony that the Celtic cross was an especially strong attempt to declare not only the suffering of the cross but the triumph of it as well, so that the circle surrounding the crossbeams was to represent the sun. Thus, the belief that the Son of God who suffered also became the light of the world.

A coffee hour was held following the service, and Mr. Kaufman and Martha Lutz Page were special guests of the occasion.

THE WARDS' FIFTIETH!

The 50-year-old marriage of Ray and Mary Ward was celebrated August 27 amid yellow and white streamers, tissue paper bells, and flowers in myriad colors and shapes. The several time blocks of their life together was rejoiced in by the 200 friends present and blessed as a gift to this community and to those others where the Wards have lived.

The Ward daughters, Leslie, Sally and Louise, planned and executed a memorable afternoon together with other family members and local women who provided a feast of goodies and punch. Gifford Towle of Pelham, Massachusetts, Ray's college roommate, reminisced about the courtship days of the guest couple; Rose McKee recalled the Wards' residency at Gould Farm; Judy Hayes remembered the youth group programs she and Leslie were part of during Ray's pastorate here; and Virgil Brallier spoke gratefully of the part played in retirement by this generous and active couple.

Following the speaking part of the program, the happy couple cut a three-tiered beautiful and delicious cake, appropriately decorated for the occasion. Contingents of guests were present from two previous pastorates of Ray in Connecticut—Monroe and Mansfield Center. The guests met Mary's older brother Lewis, a retired dairy farmer who now lives in Goshen, Massachusetts. Mary's two younger sisters, Juvy and Ruth, were also present. One of the youngest guests present was Lindsay Wilson, Mary's great-grandniece, of Pelham, Massachusetts, who was born June 1 of this year.

Ray was asked for a quote to pass along. After a brief reflection he said: "I'm a bit tired, but I recommend a golden anniversary for everyone."

— Jean C. Stowell



Jessica Thorn as an equestrian and Mary Thorn as a scarecrow.

YOUTH NEWS

Little League

The Monterey Yankees ended the season with an 8 (win)-7 (loss) record. Boys who played in the All-Star Game on July 10 were BeeBee Burkholder, Scott Amstead, and Kip Makuc.

Playing Little League for their last season were BeeBee Burkholder, Scott Amstead, Kip Makuc, Timothy Gile and Brian Touponce. These boys will be missed very much next year. Their coaches wish them the best in everything they do.

Mt. Everett School News

Randy Burkholder, an eighth-grade student at Mt. Everett, was awarded (along with other students) the overall honor student award during the end-of-the-year awards ceremony. Congratulations, Randy! Randy also received awards for music, social studies and creative writing.

Shelby Loder, a sixth grader at Mt. Everett received awards for science and creative writing. Good job, Shelby!

Mt. Everett Honor Roll

Grade 11 High Honors: Sherri Burkholder
Honors: Laurie Briggs

Karen Hayes

Grade 8 High Honors: Randy Burkholder
Honors: Michelle Grotz

Grade 7 High Honors: Burton Burkholder
Janet Thieriot

Honors: Christopher Makuc



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SOVIET STUDENTS COMING SEPTEMBER 28

A group of ten Soviet students will be present at the community supper in the Monterey Church basement on Wednesday evening, September 28, at 6:30 p.m. Ten young men and their faculty leader, all from the Thorez Institute for Foreign Languages in Moscow, will be welcomed by the community, as have three previous groups in recent years. They will answer questions about themselves and their country. The covered dish supper starts at 6:30 p.m. sharp (bring a covered dish if you plan to eat). The discussion starts at 7:30 p.m.

— Bernie Kleban



PARKS COMMISSION NOTES

Parks patter . . .

Swimming classes in Monterey were finished July 29 with about 50 participants, from three years old on up. Anne Marie Comerford and assistant Michael Blackwell did a fine job and all progressed greatly. In the Swimmers category, receiving certificates were: Christopher Makuc, Anne Moire Makuc, Paul Bynack. The Intermediates receiving certificates were: Meghan Bradley, Patrick McBride, Bill Thieriot and Janet Thieriot. In the Advanced Beginner group certificates went to: Christopher Duke, Rebecca Hoogs, Jake Lanoue, Nancy Phillips. Joshua Phelps, Marta Makuc and Jennifer Swan. In the Beginners class, those passing were: Marisa Allen, Stephanie Heath, Erin Sadlowski, Meghan Sadlowski, Dominic Stucker, Jason Tanner and Tisha Thorpe.

There are nine in the Lifesaving class, which has been working hard and including all the extras—films, equipment, boats—not to mention hours of water rescue work. Members are Nancy Bynack, Lisa Gelbard, Julie Brown, Lisa Schmitt, Donald Whitbeck, Michelle Grotz, Hannah Pederson, Jeff Gauthier and Mary Heath. Their instructors volunteer their time: a lot of hours preparing and teaching. They are Georgette Cordano and Arthur Colodny.

We expect to see all the same shining faces and more next year to continue on to the next phase or finish the current one. It often takes two years to complete each class, and, pass or not, everyone improved, and that is the main purpose—to teach swimming ability and safety.

William S. Enser, director of the Berkshire Environmental Labs, Inc., in his routine collection and analysis of water samples from the Monterey Beach in June and July, reports the water quality to be excellent, as our Monterey beach sample was 120/100 mls., and the advised maximum limit for total coliform bacteria in swimming areas is 1,000/100 mls.

The beach problems are working out fairly well. We find the numbers to be growing over last year. The Commission is considering a more effective method of identifying townspeople for another year—perhaps a pass acquired at the Town offices. As with people, the number of dogs enjoying the beach has grown—often in the evening, diving off docks, swimming and leaving calling cards on the beach for friends. In such a small

swimming area with people concentrated in one location, it is necessary for health and safety purposes to strictly enforce the rule—*no dogs*. Again we thank you for your cooperation and welcome your criticism and suggestions. We have found them very helpful.

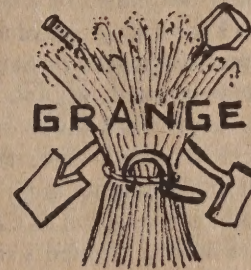
— Fran, Steve and Debbie
Parks Commission

COOKBOOK CONTRIBUTIONS

In response to the Parks Commission's request for revenues for new equipment, a group of Monterey mothers are putting together a cookbook, *A Little Cookbook for Little People*.

We are soliciting contributions of recipes for foods that kids like to eat and foods kids can prepare. We would like to emphasize good nutrition but recognize the reality of sugar in some special desserts. We are also looking for drawings of children and food by both children and adults and high contrast black-and-white photos for illustrations.

Please send contributions to Leslie Scutellaro, c/o General Delivery, Monterey.



MONTEREY GRANGE NEWS

Monterey Grange #291 met August 17, when Ethel Warner presented an interesting program on agriculture which included an informative talk on "Water Farming" by Gerald Celley, a member of Southwick Grange, who also is a member of the State Membership Committee. There was also a baking contest by the sisters.

Members from Cummington, Worthington, Williamsburg and Chesterfield came on a bus and invaded us on their mystery ride. Dignitaries present were Annie West, a member of the National Assembly of Demeter; Richard Wert, a member of the Youth Committee; Janet Martin and Gerald Celley, members of the State Membership Committee; and Norman Wilcox, a General Deputy.

The next meeting will be on September 7 and will be an open meeting. Officers will be installed by Richard Wert and Suite. The Citizen's Award will be presented to Sheldon Fenn. Visitors are welcome. The Grange had a baked goods table at "I Love Monterey" Day.

— Mary Wallace
Lecturer

DAN WHITBECK APPREHENDS A HOUSEBREAKER

Officer Dan Whitbeck, on regular duty in Monterey, heard on his scanner that the Great Barrington police were looking for a suspected housebreaker carrying a blue canvas bag. As Whitbeck drove along Route 23, he spotted a man carrying two bags, one of them blue. He stopped and asked for ID. The man had no identification. He explained that his car had broken down full of all his aunt's antiques and he was bringing them all with him on his way to ask for help. Whitbeck asked to take a look in the bags and saw candleabra and china cups with gold trim, answering the description given in the Barrington report. He held the man and radioed Great Barrington police, who came and took the suspect into custody. Chief Walsh's letter tells the rest. One thing not noted in Walsh's letter is that Officer Bynack was traveling with Officer Whitbeck at the time of the capture.

LETTER OF THANKS

Chief Lyman received this letter from Barrington's new Chief Walsh on July 25:

Doug,

I want to express my thanks to you and your department for the assistance they provided to GBPD this past weekend. Your help with the Butternut Basin Road Race was greatly needed and appreciated. Secondly, I'd like to congratulate Officer Daniel Whitbeck for his capture of a suspect involved in a house-break in Great Barrington on Saturday afternoon. Due to his actions, our department was able to arrest this subject and solve a major housebreak involving over \$1,000.00 worth of items. Officer Whitbeck deserves recognition for finding this individual and detaining him.

Finally, as I begin my new position as Chief, I would just like to add that it's nice having neighbors such as The Monterey Police Department who can be counted on for support!

Thanks Again,

William R. Walsh, Jr.
Chief of Police

FIRE COMPANY NEWS

We were called to Lake Mahkeenac for mutual aid when a boating accident apparently drowned a nonswimmer. Two of our newer members, Lanny Lanoue and Eric Pederson, are divers, and they helped search for the victim. Several teams of divers had not succeeded in recovering the body five days after the accident. As I write, the search continues. When the call came, we responded with many of our EMTs and our Cascade pressurized air system on Engine 1, in addition to Lanny and Eric. It's unfortunate that preparedness and a quick response were not enough this time.

We enjoyed the steak roast and dance, and we're looking forward now to the Ninth Annual Gravity Car Race on Sunday, September 4, at the usual place, Wallace Hall Road. See you there.

— Peter Murkett

We received this letter and accompanying information just in time to publish it—nice cool walking weather coming up. We'll try for another one next month!—Ed.

To the editor:

Please find enclosed a copy of an essay written by my grandfather about 1940. The essay is one of several that he wrote with the collaboration of Julius Miner. I thought that it might be fun for present-day readers of the *Monterey News* to decipher one of these descriptions of walks in Monterey. Many of the landmarks have changed, but that is part of the charm and challenge.

Jana Shepard

(daughter of Olive B. Davis, granddaughter of Herbert Peterson)

Great Barrington Road

The Congregational Church building at the village center was erected in 1847. At that time there had been much discussion as to its exact location, some favoring a site opposite the school house. Later came the choice of a bell. Several bells were brought and hung from the scaffolding with all of the people incited to give their opinions. Tones, keys and timbre were contrasted. Today, as the church bells summon you to worship, you will, we hope, applaud the judgment exercised by the church members of 1847.

Going west on the Great Barrington road, note that the first house on the right (present home of Nina Tryon) was moved there from the Tyringham road. Next to this house, where at present there is a garage, there was at one time a general store selling, among other things, silks, satins, braids, buttons and a line of fine dress goods. Parallel with the river was a long row of church sheds.

Opposite the church is a store, The Langdon Store, built in 1780. Notice the old sign on the building advertising moulded candles and lamp oil. (The shutters containing these old signs were restored about 1940 by Katharine Adams.) The timbers for this building were cut by Brewer's up and down saw.

On the right, back of the Tryon garage, is a beautiful pretentious house with decorations under the front window made of split turned balusters. This house had a narrow porch with scroll ironwork under the eaves and reinforcing posts. It was built by the proprietor of the present store (Mr. Langdon?). He had large barns and kept one hundred head of cattle. Back of the house was the first ice-house built in town. It had long overhanging eaves and the exterior was clapboarded, as was the interior. Between the studding, the space was filled with crushed charcoal for insulation. The ice was cut in long strips on the lake, snaked out and blocked off. (This house is now owned by Ernest Westberg.)

Across the bridge, where the Grange Hall now stands, was previously the residence of the owner of another store which was across the road. This store sold cigars manufactured from tobacco grown in Monterey. A salesman was employed to travel and market them.

The next house on the left (the home of Mrs. Julius Miner) is over one hundred years old. Passing the next two houses on the right, we come to one whose owner made coffins. When a death occurred, the relatives hastened to place an order. This artisan was seldom unprepared as the tolling of the church

Continued next page

bell gave him ample notice.

The next house on the right raised tobacco on the fields beyond his house. His large tobacco barns were close at hand. Across the road stood another barn. Its owner brought up two young boys who were to become Cyrus W. Field and David Dudley Field.

Near the entrance to the former golf course once stood a very large chestnut tree. One day, in the depth of winter, a driver for a Springfield firm delivered candy at the local store and collected for it in small coins. As he neared this chestnut tree, his tallyho ran into a snow drift and upset. Elderly residents told how, as children, they had great fun, as the deep snows melted, in searching the ground for pennies and other small coins, lost when the tallyho tipped over.

Soon we come to a house at a sharp turn to the left. The owner of a house which once stood here was reputed to own "the sweetest sugar bush" in town. That is, his maples yielded the most sugar per quart of sap. He was always late at haying. The local saying was that he "made" his hay in windrows, let it freeze and snaked it to his barn!

After passing the next cleared field, notice the public park. Some of these trees were set out by little children who are now leaving the grade schools. The next house on the left is where industrious ladies made shrouds, braided hat straws and made straw hats. Theirs was beautiful work. Note an exhibit of Shaker straw hats to appreciate what they did.

The house on the right was built in 1790. The next house beyond it on the right was built by a man who had a factory on the Konkapot River. In his foundry, he made iron stoves and soap stone stoves. Between the Gould Farm Road and the brook, there was a blacksmith shop.

On the left is the Corashire School-house. Many tales are told of happenings here, serious and amusing. One day a teacher felt something drop on her head. Raising her hand, she felt a snake. Some boy had made a hole in the ceiling above her desk and had dropped through a snake, fortunately a harmless garter snake.

After passing two houses, we see a big elm tree, under which stood a blacksmith shop. By the way, why were smithies so often built under the shade of great trees? Blacksmiths were often asked to make unusual objects. This smith was asked to make a pitchpipe. He was equal to it and pitched the pipe at the desired key. As a leader of the church choir, he knew just what was needed.

Past the next road to the right we see a cellar hole. The lady who last lived in the house on that site lived to be over 96 years of age. When she received a letter from the Mark Hopkins Institute as to the reason for her longevity she replied, "Hard work and plenty of it."

The stone house ahead on the left was built of stone quarried from a field nearby. This house has a number of beautiful old fireplaces. On the left a bit further is the old road used before the building of the present one. It continued to be used in winter until the new main road was hard surfaced, since it was under the hill and not affected by snow drifts.

Soon we see a road on our right. Approaching it, walk into the growth on the right a short distance and you will see an old iron mine. Look for specimens of iron ore. This ore was shipped away for smelting with charcoal and moulded into pig iron.

Charcoal making was one of the big industries of Mon-

terey. Nearly every hillside has its charcoal pits. When you see a round level place about 30 feet across, look for bits of old charcoal. It is related that, out of curiosity, a woman counted one day the number of two-horse charcoal wagons she passed between Hupi corner and the village center. The number was 23.

Next, on the right, is a watering trough, supplied with excellent spring water. Ahead is a row of trees set out in competition for a prize offered by the Housatonic Agricultural Society of Great Barrington.

On the road to the left lived an old settler who vexed his neighbor. The neighbor struck him with an ox goad and killed him. Opposite is another house with tragic memories. A sailor came here to end his days. A converted man, he used to pump the church organ. His long hair curling over his collar, his habit of going barefoot, his large earrings and his pleasant smile made him an object of kindly interest to all. One night he was attacked by a younger man, tied to his bed and killed. Possibly the motive was robbery of supposed wealth.

We are almost at the town line and five miles from the center of Monterey.

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The indefatigable Arnie Hayes striking up the Monterey Day Band, a unique assemblage which annually produces "profuse strains of unpremeditated art," a phrase penned by poet Shelley long ago but which we found to be still on the mark on August 20, 1983, in Monterey.



Piper Robert Beecher of New York City, leading the Parade, wearing the Hunting McIntosh tartan.

8 Milly Walsh and Jake Czaja preparing the Peapickers float.



The Dignitaries: Selectman Hans Kessler, State Representative Chris Hodgkins, and Selectman Stefan Grotz, dressed as the Harvest Moon.



Gould Farm float makers waiting to begin.



Entrants in the Zucchini Sculpture Contest.



Karl Finger leading folk dances in the park on Monterey Day.



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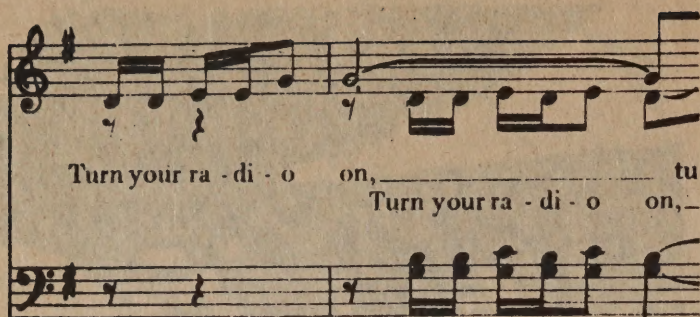
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LOCAL LORE



THE RADIOPHILE

WJMJ (88.9 FM), "a service of the Archdiocese of Hartford," plays mostly easy listening music during the day. I find there are moments when a person can use some soothing (bland?) music.

Sundays WJMJ presents "A Festival of Faith," with programs of religious music, spiritual discussion, and services of various Christian denominations.

"Good Evening, Good Music," from 8 p.m. to midnight seven days a week, plays classical recordings. Unfortunately, much of their collection is monaural. Occasionally there's a full-length Doyle Carte operetta.

At 4 p.m. there's a taped hour of the midnight-to-6-a.m. show, "Memories," originally recordings from the '30s, '40s and '50s. This show has been hosted by three different men in its two-year history. The records seem to be from the disc jockey's personal collection, as there has been a noticeable difference in the play list when the announcer changes. The current host doesn't talk much, which is how I like it.

Almost the opposite is true of the host of the late-night jazz program on WAMC, on from 11 p.m. until at least 2 a.m. That guy doesn't know when to quit. He repeats himself constantly, with a lot of insinuating "Hmmm"s and rhetorical questions. The music is good, but the long intervals between are torture.

WFCR's "Music for Night People" from 11 p.m. to 2 a.m. features music of the 14th through 20th centuries. Host John McDonald has a refined quiet manner and after a brief introduction just plays the music.

— Leslie Scutellaro

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TASTES AND FLAVORS

It's that time of year when there seems to be too much of everything at once. There's freezing and canning to do, but it's a shame not to use as much of the bounty fresh as possible. This soup doesn't need a long time to simmer. It's good at room temperature, as an elaborate vichyssoise, or hot it can take the chill out of the body in the way that only hot soup can.

Broccoli Chowder

2 large potatoes, scrubbed and diced	3 Tbsp flour
4 cups boiling salted water	2 cups milk
¼ tsp sage	salt and pepper dill
½ tsp cumin seeds	6 oz. cheddar cheese, grated— about 2½ cups
2 Tbsp butter	1 large head or
1 large onion chopped	2 to 3 medium stalks broccoli

Toss diced potatoes and sliced broccoli stems into boiling salted water with sage and cumin seeds and let boil 10 to 15 minutes till potatoes can be pierced with a fork. Melt butter in a frying pan and saute chopped onion till translucent. Then whisk in 2 tablespoons of the flour. When onions are evenly coated, start adding milk about half a cup at a time, stirring with whisk till thickened. Add this sauce to the potatoes in water and stir till mixed. If you'd like it thicker, add the third tablespoon of flour. Now stir in the broccoli flowerettes and dill. Cover and cook on low heat for 10 minutes. Then stir in grated cheese till thoroughly mixed.

This quantity of soup will make a meal for four hungry adults.



TO BENEFIT PARK COMMISSION

The Record is having a circulation drive in Monterey and has offered to donate a portion of each subscription to the Park Commission's projects. It's a fine little paper—so we hope you support their drive for them and for us.

— Fran, Steve, and Debbie
Parks Commission

A Mahican Story

Since the Mahicans were among the earliest Native Americans to adopt Christianity and request an English education, only a few old people still spoke Algonquin by the end of the 19th century. One of these dictated the following story. Surprisingly, it was an educated Sioux, J. F. Estes, who recorded the Mahican in a Sioux orthography and provided the following translation:

"Once upon a time some young men went hunting in the winter up river on the Mohican river (Hudson River). that was where they always hunted. One day all were hunting. Then the woman was hulling horn. When she was washing the hulled corn at the spring where the spring comes out of the mountain, she saw some persons (reflected) in the water. She was washing her corn when she saw them painted, and she knew that was for evil.

"Then she went to where her party were camping. She awaited the men, for she knew they were to be attacked that very night. Then when the men came she told them what she had seen that day. Then they prepared for that night. They said to the woman, 'Do your best. Go away and try to save yourself. Perhaps we shall all be killed this night.' Because it was very dark she could not go far. She remembered a certain hollow log so she thought, 'I will crawl in there.'

"After she was within she heard them fighting. Then she heard one man call her husband by name and say, 'The dog has bitten my thumb!' Then not long after all became quiet. After that two men came, and they said, 'We certainly saw a woman. That woman cannot be a great way off.' Then they said, 'Perhaps she is inside this hollow log.' One of them used a stick, feeling inside the log for the woman. Then he said, 'She is not inside.' So they went away. Then the woman and her child lay quite still. Not once did she make a sound that whole night through.

"Then, as soon as the dawn came the woman crawled out. She went where she knew a short-cut. For this reason she was able to head off the murderers, and she got to her home and people before they arrived. Then she told what had happened to the hunting party: that all were killed who had gone with her. Then the chief sent all the young men around to notify the warriors that they should come at once. Those bad people had murdered the husband of that woman. Right after this the woman cooked food so that the murderers might eat when they arrived.

"Then all those warriors shut themselves up in the wigwams and the woman hid herself so she would not be recognized. Not long afterward they came; when they arrived the chief said, 'Eat ye,' and they ate. Then the chief thought that they had eaten enough. So he went to where the murderer was sitting. Then he asked him, 'What is the matter with your thumb?' And he said, 'What? Why, a beaver bit me.' But the woman sprang out and said, 'You liar, my husband bit you!' Then someone uttered the war-whoop. Then the hidden warriors all jumped out and killed the murderers. Then the chief said to one of the young men, 'Go tell their chief to come bury his men.' When the leader of the murderers' clan came, the chief said to him, 'My men I cannot bury, they were left to be eaten by wild animals.' "

— David P. McAllester

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NEW NEIGHBOR?

IRAS is not quite a household word, but it keeps popping up here and there, bringing exciting news to star gazers. A few months ago IRAS (Infrared Astronomy Satellite) helped to discover the unexpected comet whose path we were able to follow on two consecutive nights.

Now IRAS has won its spurs with a major discovery: a possible planetary system. Scientists love to speculate, postulate, but most of all they like to prove their theories. Astronomers have said for a long time that stars other than our sun might and should have planets, maybe even planets with life on them. However, as long as stars appeared no larger than pinpoints in the most powerful telescopes we had no proof.

IRAS has discovered a cloud of solid material around Vega. Vega in Lyra is one of our close neighbors, "only" 26 light years, 156 trillion miles away. None of us will see this cloud with binoculars or a telescope, but it exists, and now we know it is there. We do not yet know if it is a planetary system in formation: Vega is much younger than our Sun, "only" a billion years old, and planets around it may not yet have evolved.

I look at Vega with new eyes these nights. It is no longer just a star that is part of the summer triangle. It is a new neighbor to whom I bid a soft "welcome" and send a warm wish that one of its planets-to-be might evolve and give life to creatures great and small long after I and my kind have gone.



CICADA

CHORUS AT HIGH NOON

*The cicadas, these tiny beasts,
Have more soul than the viol.
The cicadas, the cicadas
Sing better than the violins!*

— from *Les Cigales*, Rosemond Gerard

In the heat of midday, on the most sultry dog days of July and August, the treetop drone begins. For me the sound evokes memories of hot, close days of childhood, perhaps in some other part of the country or world. I particularly remember one summer in Oak Creek Canyon, Arizona. High in the sycamores the sound intensified with the heat. My brother and I built forts and castles on the ground, and everywhere we found the neat round holes and cast-off shells of the emerging cicadas. The sound was all around us, a heavy din, and occasionally we would come upon a golden cicada nymph, just entering the world of air and light after long years underground.

Cicadas are large insects and members of the order of true bugs. Their life cycle begins as the eggs are laid, or deposited, in small branches high in the treetops. The female splits a crack in a pencil-sized branch with her formidable ovipositor and leaves several small eggs deep in the crevice. These hatch after about six weeks to become tiny nymphs one millimeter long. The little nymph crawls out of its crack and jumps off into space. Wherever it lands, it scrabbles at the ground and burrows down to the nearest tree rootlet, which it pierces with its miniscule sucker to feed upon the sweet xylem fluid of the tree.

There are three species of cicada in the Northeast which exhibit the longest lifespan of any insect in the world. These are the "periodical" cicadas, which spend seventeen years underground, slowly growing, expanding their burrows to accommodate their larger size and to reach more rootlets. They are dormant during the winter and feed during the summer. Somehow they keep track of the passage of time over the years and in the seventeenth summer they move up toward the surface of the ground. Here they wait, just below the surface, until a certain number of "degree days" of soil temperature have elapsed in the spring. The final cue for emergence is a soil temperature of 64° F. Suddenly hundreds, thousands, or millions of cicadas pop up into the light.

Emerging cicadas are in their last nymphal stage and are about an inch long, with bulging eyes and crab-like front legs with hooks and spines. They climb the nearest tree, post, grass blade or screen door and begin their final moult. The nymphal shell splits down the back, and the soft white insect pushes itself out. Its new wings are soft and crumpled. It flips out of

its case backwards and hangs by its tail, head down, as it pumps fluid into the veins of its wings. They straighten slowly and as the cicada hangs there, swinging in the breeze, its whole body begins to harden with a new shell, or cuticle.

The 17-year cicadas have bright red eyes and red-tinged wing veins. Other species, which emerge after one to nine years, are slightly larger (about 1½ inches) and have black eyes and greenish wings. Emergence usually takes place at dusk, when there is little danger from birds and other daytime predators. By the next morning the transformation is complete and the cicadas begin their short, noisy adult life.

It is only the males who "sing." In their second or third day they begin their mating call. One starts up, other males hear him and fly to join him. Together they form a chorusing center. Hundreds more may join them in one tree, making up a continuous drone of the song of their species. The silent females are all ears for this sound, and there is no chance they will miss or mistake it. By synchronizing their time of emergence and gathering in group choruses, the cicadas assure successful matings of their species. Another advantage of this group movement is a phenomenon which biologists call "predator satiation." No matter how many bluejays, starlings, sparrow hawks, cats, raccoons, fish, skunks, and foxes turn out to gorge themselves, they can never eat all those bugs. The periodical cicadas, in a big year, can product two million insects on one acre of land. That is more than a ton of cicadas, and since it only occurs once every 17 years in a given location, its predators have had no chance to build up their populations proportionately. There are no cicada predators with matching 17-year life cycles.

The last "big year" for the periodical cicadas around here was 1979. In that year, "brood II" popped out of the ground by the millions, making national news. Now the brood II babies are four years along in their next generation's life cycle, deep underground. They will burst forth again in 1996 and will be accompanied by droves of entomologists who are fascinated by the phenomenon of synchronized hatching time and such a long insect life cycle. This summer, and in the intervening years until 1996, we will hear cicadas. The 17-year variety which emerged this year are members of "brood VI." Although this group is not as large as brood II, the brood VI singers, as well as the nonperiodical cicadas, are making a fine racket on hot days in the tops of high trees in Berkshire County. The males are wired for sound, with big drum heads on either side of a resonating sound box. A strong muscle attached to the center of each drum head, or tympanum, beats at a rate of 50 times per second. Each muscle contraction causes about twelve "excitations" of the resonant cavity. The system is remarkably energy efficient, enabling the cicada to make a great deal of noise over a long period of time (its entire adulthood, during the hot hours of the day), during which it never takes in any food.

The song ends with cool weather of fall. Nymphs have already leapt from the treetops and burrowed down to fasten onto sap-filled tree roots, where they will spend 17 years in adolescence and darkness. These pop-eyed bugs are big and noisy, and their life story is particularly marvelous. The secret to their success is purely mathematical: large numbers of individuals hatching on a long-term prime number schedule of 17 years.

— Bonner McAllester



COMMUNITY GARDEN PREPARATION NOTES

Site preparation for next year's community garden was delayed by such unforeseen circumstances as high weeds, rain, and other commitments by volunteer laborers. So it is too late for clover to be planted. The alternatives, equally interesting, equally contributive, are rye or oats. Neither one fixes nitrogen like clover. Otherwise, their attributes are similar to those of clover. Oats don't winter over; they die in mid-winter, leaving some residue to turn over in spring. Rye is dormant in winter and begins to grow in early spring with such vigor that it is sometimes hard to kill for early plantings and intractable for late plantings. On the other hand, if the garden isn't started early in the spring, oats provide no early spring weed deterrent, and the whole place might be overrun with weeds by planting time. Stay tuned, folks, and see what is chosen and what are the eventual results.



GARDEN TOURING IS INSPIRATIONAL

After attending some of the Inspirational Garden Tours which have been happening all summer thanks to the Monterey Food Project, it is easy to make the following statement: Garden touring should be an important part of every gardener's activities.

The range of information and valuable tips collected at the tours would fill a book. It seems that the host at a given tour would invariably quote a host from a past tour and then show an example of how the information contributed to the present garden. Everyone has gone home with new ideas and often a few new plants.

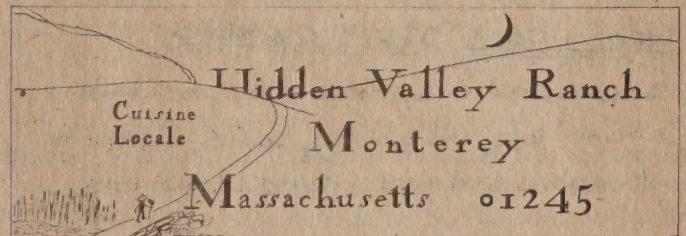
But it was something other than the technical information that seems to have stood out as the inspirational part of the tours. It was the "show and tell" aspect, the willingness of the

gardeners to share a bit of themselves, that made the tours so special. After seeing and hearing a gardener talk, you go home knowing that there is a lot more to gardening than just growing food. For those who practice the discipline, it is a great delight to observe others experiencing a common enthusiasm.

To bring readers up to date, in July we toured Tall Pine Farm. The Thieriot's gave a wonderful tour of their place, and there was so much to talk about that it was only the darkness of the sky that ended the tour. In August we got a double dose of inspiration. First stop was the Wards' garden, which was so green and lush it seemed to belong on the front of a gardening magazine. The Stowells' garden was next, demonstrating that with a little perseverance one can have a lovely garden in an unlikely place.

— Susan Sellew
Rawson Brook Farm

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Now, the RECORD will be donating a dollar to the playground equipment fund of the Monterey Parks Commission for every subscription it receives from Monterey. For 26 issues a year, you pay only \$6 to addresses in Mass. or Conn.; \$8 elsewhere. It's a modest investment for a lot of news, and for a little more fun for the kids.

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PERSONALS

Sheldon Fenn will be honored Wednesday night, September 7, by the Monterey Grange as Citizen of the Year. All well wishers are invited.

Tom, Kathleen and Karen Gillis, former Montereyans, now from Singer Island, Florida, visited with John, Anne Marie and Shaen O'Connor on Lake Garfield for a few days on their way to Prince Edward Island, Canada. Karen is a senior at the University of Florida, majoring in animal science.

E4 John O'Connor Jr., son of John O'Connor on Lake Garfield, graduated from the linguistics school at the Presidio of Monterey in Monterey, California, in May. He studied Russian. He graduated from the Army's Intelligence Training School at Goodfellow Air Force Base in San Angelo, Texas, August 6. He is now stationed at Fort Devons in Leominster, Massachusetts.

Technical Sergeant and Mrs. James E. Lanoue Jr. and their children **James III** and **Jennifer Beth** have returned to the United States after being stationed in Bitburg, Germany, for seven years. They are now at McGuire Air Force Base in New Jersey. The sergeant is the grandson of Mr. and Mrs. James C. Pearson and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lanoue of Monterey.

A son, **Gordon Douglas**, was born to **Gordon and Ann-Marie St. Jock Hamm**, Beartown Mountain Road, on August 20.

Mary Beth O'Connor of Route 23, daughter of Marie O'Connor of Monterey and Denis O'Connor of Great Barrington, was married to David Michael Germain of Alford July 9 at St. Peter's Church in Great Barrington.

Mr. Germain is the son of David and Martha Germain of Green River Road. The Rev. John H. McDonnell officiated. Maid of honor was Cathy O'Connor, the bride's sister. Bridesmaids were the bride's sisters, Susan O'Connor and Peggy O'Connor.

The couple is residing in Maine. The bride is a 1981 graduate of Mount Everett Regional School in Sheffield. She was a nurse's aide at Willowood Health Care. The groom is an electrician's mate with the U. S. Coast Guard. He is a 1980 graduate of Mount Everett.

Jennifer, Jessica and Juetta Wallace have returned to their home in Hollis, New Hampshire, after spending ten days with their grandmother, Mary Wallace, of Monument Valley Road. Their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Wallace, joined them for the weekend.

LETTER OF THANKS

Many thanks to the Monterey Fire Company for their quick response to the medical emergency August 8 in Monterey Center.

Special thanks to Maynard Forbes and Linda Whitbeck for your kind help with Jessica after her accident.

Sincerely,

Tom and Jane Thorn

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The *Monterey News* wishes to thank the following for their generous contributions this month: Bjorn Jenssen; Dan Parker; E. G. Menaker; Debby Rankin and Larry Heald; Miriam Feist Rosengart; M/M Arthur K. Wing; Roberta C. Kirven; M. Kerwin Marchman; Sally and Robert Emmel; Dr. and Mrs. Morris Rochfeld; Raymond W. Tryon; Allan J. Dean; John and Gerda Kelly; Ann B. Williams; Kathy and Stewart Hegelman; Dominic Caramagna; Karen Gottlieb Schulze; Bernard and Judith Kaminstein; Gerald Bauman; Mrs. Solomon A. Berson; Lillian and Michael Wright; Sally J. McGhee; Arthur S. Somers; Anna Thun Scheffey; Melvin and Katherine Kraft; Sarah Bingham; Matthew Tannenbaum/Sheila Schaunaman; Dr. Edward and Margaret Brown; Paul and Rose Zerra; Edith Ross; Ann McGinley; Cynthia and Leonard Weber; Ralph and Ethel Worden; Stephanie and Harvey Newman; Phyllis Bogdanoff; Dean and Blakely Amidon; Judith Dehn Oplinger; Ronald O. Langner; M/M Richard E. Stoiber; Kathryn R. Clark; Eleanor Brooks; Carol A. Sanger; M/M Charles O'Connor; M/M Stanley Brallier; Celia B. Gottlieb; M/M Michael Banner; M/M William M. Ginsburg; M/M David Hellman; M/M David J. Logan; M/M Curtis F. Paine; M/M Peter Hodgkins; M/M Arthur Bronstein; Edith Wilson; Carole Jervas; M/M Sam Semaya; Miriam Meyers; Beverly Pulver; M/M Ed Dunlop; Ottalie K. Williams; M/M Cosimo Spagnoletti; M/M Peter Alfano; Harriet M. Phillips; Mark Horowitz; Abby Seixas; M/M Gary Shaw; James Volckhausen; Helen Hanley; M/M Richard Stauffer; M/M Tom Andrus; M/M James T. Bowles, Jr.; Marion Uark; Janet McKee; M/M Paul J. Carnese; Elizabeth S. Lippert; John MacGruer; Margaret E. Cummings; M/M James Golla William and Dorothy Mundell; Carol L. Sadlowski; Janet and Arnold L. Garber.

COMMENTS

- Ask Leslie to dig some FM stations. Kick the kid music!
- The *News* gets better all the time!
- Keep up the good work!
- Thanks for all your effort. We love it. It keeps us in touch over the winter.
- It continues to get better and better. You all do a great job!
- Terrific and exciting!
- Getting better and better.
- The article about the butterfly on the windowsill in the woodshed was wonderful.
- Very nicely done!
- The paper is excellent and interesting—it has gone a long ways.
- Better than ever, and it's always been a delight!
- Keep up the fine work!
- Keep up the great work!
- Keep up the good work!
- Always interested in more hard news from Town offices!
- Just more of same—it's great—especially enjoy Brallier and McIntosh columns.
- It's great.
- Great paper. Intellectual yet folksy.
- You are all doing a fine job, so keep the good news coming.

I love to read the *Monterey News*.

—Getting better all the time. We look forward to reading about our many friends in Monterey. It's a great little paper.

—Omit the editorials. Except for the editorials in the lent paper.

—Try to get news of coming events in prior issue and after the events.

—Better each year!

—Take good care of my friend Dr. B. His column is superb.

—Thanks for a fine publication!

—We love it. We gave up the *Courier*. (Why) They never printed daily weather—when we are so far away from Monterey we would like to know. Also real estate and deaths. Hope you can do this?

—I love paper. You do a great job.

—Very good. Also I am a native of Monterey. Born there September 30, 1889, on the old so-called Mudd Lane, now Fairview Road. House now gone. Now state property.

—Laurence Barbieri

—Look forward to receiving and enjoy reading.

—Good paper!

—Thoroughly enjoy!

—We love getting the *News*!

—Keeps us in touch.

—Please find enclosed our annual donation. I look forward to the *Monterey News* each month. You do such a fine job providing interesting and informational material, and keeping me in touch with old friends, familiar places, and missed activities.



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